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A "PEACE AT ANY PRICE" MEETING

While the English is in many respects the most dynamic and expressive of all languages well calculated as Saxe says, "To praise a saint or damn a sinner"; it is deficient in the fine and nicer shades of distinction possessed by the Latin languages. The Spaniards have a term for a certain dish much favored by them which they call an "olla podrida." Webster defines the term as "A favorite Spanish dish, consisting of meat chopped fine, and boiled or stewed with vegetables, an olio." Jonson in his older dictionary defines it as "An incongruous mixture, or miscellaneous collection, an olio, a hodgepodge, a medley." An olla is an earthen pot or vessel used for cooking; and often also for cooling water. "Podrida" means literally, "rotten," and the two combined "a rotten pot." It is an apt term, because the dish was composed generally of remnants left from previous meals and which, like sailors ashore, get stewed together. It is a term peculiarly fitted to describe that meeting at New York Tuesday night, which was literally a political "olla podrida."

There was Hughes as the central figure, ostensibly; a candidate whom not one of those present wanted to have the nomination, and of whom Teddy spoke in rather slighting terms before he was nominated and pushed Teddy's nose out of joint. Teddy was there and shook hands with Taft with a sort of "I would-like-to-welcome-him-with-bloody-hands-to-a-hospitable-grave" look on his warlike features. Taft was there smiling and he really smiled; for he, of the whole bunch, has a saving sense of humor; and he had to smile as he saw the colonel clasp hands with Boise Penrose, and pump handle the strong right arm of Murray Crane. Then there was Elihu Root who managed the Taft campaign against Teddy and caused more mean things to be said about him than the democrats ever thought of. There was William Barnes, of New York, who for two or three years has laid awake at nights thinking up new adjectival and adverbial prefixes for Colonel Roosevelt. Barnes somehow did not assimilate. He says: "The crowd was so large I couldn't get near Roosevelt," and he told the truth. A crowd consisting of Barnes and the Colonel would be big enough to insure this. Then there was Chaney Depew, absolutely out of place because there were no speeches to be made, but a fitting representative of a past age of the party. He was a pretty stale remnant for the olla but it is a dish requiring all kinds and so he fitted in. Taft remnant of four years ago; Roosevelt fragmentary pieces left from a political explosion at Chicago last June; Boise Penrose remnant of boss rule in Pennsylvania; Murray Crane, remnant of the old guard, a splash from the vinegar cruets so far as the colonel was concerned but giving piquancy to the mixture; William Barnes with a political reputation that is all remnants of everything but decency; and there was besides lesser remnants, scraps and crumbs from the political table not of much size but all helping make the political dish have so many separate and distinct flavors that none of them preponderated, or could be distinguished.

It was the most remarkable "peace at any price" meeting ever assembled, and surely the price must have been indeed high for most of them, especially Teddy the strenuous one who dies often but never compromises or accepts the other fellows' terms.

What has become of the two measures, one for making the state absolutely dry, and the other for permitting the manufacture of beer in the state? There was considerable discussion of both measures for some time, but it seems to have died out. Perhaps each side feels that it has the fight won and is consequently taking it easy. If this is the case one side or the other is surely mistaken. The recent baseball series showed that a fight is never won until it is over, and this applies to all kinds of fights, dog or man.

Eggs are retailing in this city at 40 cents a dozen. Naturally, as little is being said about Chinese cheap eggs in this campaign, and there is also an oppressive silence regarding cheap wool because of free trade.

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

The registration books close Saturday, and as usual there is a rush at the last minute to get that done which should have been done months ago. There is considerable excuse however for all voters hesitating about registering. At every election the same thing comes up and yet we are all told just as we are now, that it is positively the last time we will have to register unless we move out of the ward or precinct. No one knows whether it is necessary to register if they are already registered, and voters are disgusted with the whole measly mix up. Of course as the law stands now there will be no registration at the next election, but between now and then there will be a session of the legislature, and heaven only knows what it will do with the election laws. Some legislator is pretty sure to bob up with an improvement on the present registration law and a weary public will have it all to do over again. It looks as though the voter in self defense will have to rise up and kick the whole registration system out of existence. It has been a nuisance ever since it was inaugurated and serves to keep voters away from the polls.

The Oregonian says that Hughes buttons predominate over the Wilson buttons two to one in Oregon. Possibly this statement is true but it is not significant, because not one voter in twenty is wearing a button. Few except the rock-ribbed party men on both sides, the yellow dog men, on either side are wearing the party emblems. Nowadays most of the voters think for themselves and refuse to be labeled or tagged by political heelers—and it is this big army of voters which is wearing no badge of any kind that will decide the election in favor of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Hughes. The silent vote is the vote which counts in this day of honest, intelligent voting.

The railroads are doing pretty well in spite of the tremendous losses they are sure they will experience so soon as the eight hour law goes into effect. The report of the Union Pacific made public yesterday shows the company earned during the year ending June 30, \$104,717,005. The surplus available for dividends and improvements was \$38,777,507, and the surplus after these items were subtracted was \$13,487,950. The earnings were 15.65 per cent as against 10.98 the preceding year. Looks like the Union Pacific could pay the extra expense due to the eight hour law without being badly crippled financially, that is if there is any extra expense on that account.

Even lumber would bring a good price if the railroads were able to carry it to market. This car shortage should teach the people of Oregon the lesson that people must rule the railroads, or the railroads will rule them. With the state house filled with friends of the corporation and the legislature controlled by the paid lobbyists of railroads there are quite naturally no laws in Oregon compelling the roads to perform their duties of common carriers.

When Senator Lewis was informed recently that the woman's league of San Francisco were going to conduct a silent boycott of his speech he smiled and remarked he could easily understand that they might conduct a boycott, but he doubted if they would be able to perfect one of that especial kind.

Railroad dividends are so large that the stockholders should be compelled to divide up with some one. Even if the eight-hour day law costs the railroads \$50,000,000 a year, as they are claiming, it will leave net earnings large enough to pay bigger dividends than any common carriers ought to be allowed to filch from the public.

The milk shortage in New York city brings out the fact that the city uses daily 2,500,000 quarts of milk. In gallons it would be 625,000 and this would fill 19,500 32-gallon barrels. It would fill a trough 1,000 feet long ten feet wide and almost eight feet deep.

It is to be presumed that Former Vice President Fairbanks will speak in the fee palace at Portland.



Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason

OLD ENGLISH

When Chaucer lived there were some other bards, with inspiration loaded to the guards. And there were highbrows in that distant age, who looked with scorn upon great Geoffrey's page, and said, "Gadzooks, he writeth middling fair, for one whose soul is of afflatus bare; as crossroads jangler he may cut some grass, but who'll recall him when ten years shall pass? If you'd read verse of great, majestic power, you must peruse the gorgeous works of Gower." Now, it is true that in G. Chaucer's time, the critics joshed him for his paltry rhyme, and held that Langland, of "Piers Plowman" dope, had moderns skinned beyond all hint of hope. How vain the judgment of the critic clan! They heap their laurels on some ten cent man, and say his harp will never be unstrung, while there are men to read his native tongue. Their petted poet crosses the divide, and is forgotten ere he's fairly died, while some unknown, who smarted 'neath their jeers—lives in men's hearts through all the rolling years.

THE TATTLER

Lovely frosty mornings.

Typical Fairbanks weather.

The tang o' the thing got into some of the Company M boys' blood, and they're returning to the service.

The sudden and enthusiastic disposition to register on the part of Marion county voters is claimed a sure sign of victory by every political party in the field.

The crop of prunes is not big, but what there is of it is very fine—as the grocery clerk said when he took his wages in flour.

A nice looking lot of folks, the Marion county teachers.

Peace is popular in Salem, if the applause at certain intervals in the "Civilization" picture may be accepted as evidence.

If the car shortage continues long enough it will be blamed for almost as many things as the European war.

It is the open season for Chinese pheasants—and for candidates.

The battle of Verdun has been dragged out to such an extent that some of our folks have forgotten when it begun.

Cold fog is not desirable in this section. It kills the moss.

That was a fine looking bunch of men who took the oath of allegiance in Judge Galloway's court yesterday morning, and there was not a hyphenated case visible amongst them.

Flax continues to be a live topic of conversation in some circles.

Watt Shipp has an Airdale dog that has more sense than some men. When he wants to find somebody he simply picks out a good place and waits.

Some folks are making Christmas presents, but they'll discover that they've forgotten something on the 24th of next December, just like everybody else.

PERSHING WILL STAY

(Continued from Page One.)

mines be reopened. They are largely owned by American interests. It is realized that one of the biggest steps that can be taken toward rejuvenation of Mexico is for the nation to get to work. But, the American commissioners, it was learned today, are sticking to the position that this government cannot encourage the return of mining men to the country until Carranza is in a position to guarantee the safety of their lives and property. Such discussion simply brings the matter back to the main point of the American contention, that order in Mexico must be secured before Pershing can be recalled.

From statements of those closely associated with the American commission, it is evident there is to be no weakening or shifting of position. It is felt that progress is being made toward bringing the Mexican commissioners to see the American point of view and it is hoped they may swing Carranza into line.

BIG YIELD OF POTATOES

Dallas, Or., Oct. 5.—C. G. Coad and J. M. Grant of this city have finished harvesting one of the largest potato crops grown on a small patch of ground known in this section this year. Off an acre of ground on the banks of the LaGrande, they dug more than 250 bushels of potatoes. In addition, they have a large acreage in beans and are harvesting and drying the crop in their hop dryer. Most of their crop has been sold to local merchants.

MY HUSBAND AND I

Jane Phelps

HOME SEEMS A HAPPIER PLACE

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Clifford called a taxi and laughingly bundled us into it. I didn't wonder that he laughed, for at the last minute everyone had insisted upon giving Edith something to amuse her, so our arms were filled to overflowing. He took the trunk checks from Mandy and left us to attend the luggage.

On the way home he questioned me about my visit. He seemed in very good humor, which of course delighted me. He had taken Edith on his lap and she was playing with his watch chain while he chatted with me.

Kate and Annie were waiting on the steps to welcome us, and as soon as we washed and freshened up a bit we went down to dinner.

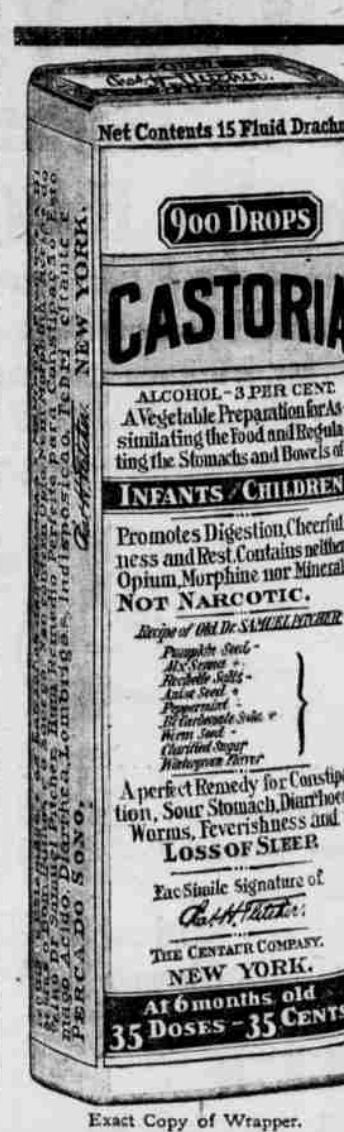
The Shadow of Mrs. Horton. After dinner Clifford and I went into the library, and instead of burying himself in the paper, as he usually did, he seemed inclined to talk. Now was the time to find out some of the things I wanted to know, so I, with all the tactlessness of a young married woman, immediately commenced to question him about his trip. At first he was unusually communicative, but as soon as I spoke of Mrs. Horton his manner changed. Still I stumbled on.

"How old is Mrs. Horton, Clifford?" "I've never asked the lady her age."

"Oh, they were perfectly foolish over her! If I had stayed much longer she would have been entirely spoiled. But tell me about your trip first, my visit can wait."

"Well, what do you want to know that I haven't told you?" "What other women went besides Mrs. Horton?" Perhaps in this way I could find out if the woman of the initials had been with them.

"Oh, Mrs. Baldwin—and others. No one you know. Now that I have replied to your questions, suppose you tell me



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An eastern exchange pauses in its daily grind to remark:

"Most anyone can be an editor. All the editor has to do is to sit at a desk six days out of the week, four weeks of the month, and 12 months of the year, and 'edit such stuff' as this:

Mrs. Jones of Cactus Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut her self in the pastrty.

A mischievous lad of Picketown threw a stone and hit Mrs. Pike in the pley last Thursday.

John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, striking himself on the porch.

While Harold Green was asserting Miss Violet Wise from a church social last Saturday night, a savage dog attacked and bit Mr. Green on the public square.

Isaiah Trimmer of Running Creek was playing with a cat last Friday when it scratched him on the veranda.

During a row last Saturday night Tony Coltoar, the saloonist, was shot in his place of business.

Tillie Jones is possessed of a vicious horn, which she will gladly give away. When she went for eggs yesterday it resented her errand and bit her severely in the backyard.

TRAIN WRECK KILLS TWO

Altoona, Pa., Oct. 5.—Two men were killed, 12 passengers and three trainmen badly injured early today when a fast passenger train on the Middle division of the Pennsylvania railroad crashed into a stock train crossing on to another track near Lewistown.

Killed in Explosion. Grafton, Ill., Oct. 5.—Leo Patterson, superintendent of the Illinois Powder company plant near here, and two laborers were killed today when three carloads of dynamite standing on a spur near the plant exploded.

ORCHARDISTS AT DALLAS FINISH PICKING PRUNES

Dallas, Or., Oct. 5.—The prune harvest here is about over. Several owners of the larger orchards have finished their own crops and are now drying fruit for other parties. Picking in the R. L. Chapman orchard was finished Saturday. Mr. Chapman estimates his crop at about 90 tons. The orchard of Mrs. Hayter will be finished in a few days. Mr. Hayter also has a bumper crop. H. L. Woods finished picking his own orchard Friday, and probably has the largest crop in this vicinity, estimating it to be about 100 tons.

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